KULT
Divinity Lost

And the Rockets Red Glare

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This scenario explores the dark world of *KULT: Divinity Lost* and the system that imprisons us and keeps us sedated. Our Jailers and their puppets exist in positions of power in companies, religions and governments in every nation. They pull their strings from the shadows or hide behind false faces serving their unseen masters: The Archons and the Death Angels. None of the Jailers, whatever they say or promise, wishes mankind any good. It is just another type of imprisonment.

This is a tale of one such power struggle – on the very highest level.

It is worth noting that this scenario is a work of fiction. Characters, locations and incidents are portrayed from the metaphorical viewpoint of the *KULT: Divinity Lost* setting.

AND THE ROCKETS RED GLARE

MAYBE YOU NEEDED THE UNIVERSITY CREDITS. Maybe your parents supported his campaign and had an "in". For whatever reason, you were one of the few chosen to intern in the executive half of the campaign, with Trump himself. It was stressful, and that's what you expected. His smiles are a little too wide, his words are a little too rushed, and his running mate is a little too quiet. That's all normal, right? It's just stress. Stress will make you see things that aren't there – especially on election night.

"And The Rockets Red Glare" is a scenario for 3 to 5 players. Pregenerated characters are included.

Description

It is early November 2016 and the Trump campaign is getting ready to make its final push towards the White House. For months, he has been playing to the basest urges of the American populace: the need for more. More safety, more money, more guns, more of everything. His followers have been whipped into a frenzy, waiting to strike at the polls. The whole country is wound as tight as a fiddle-string, and that's exactly the way Trump wants it.

Yesod, the Archon of Avarice, was thought to have been annihilated centuries ago, during a war between the Archons. However, with the help of Tiphareth, he continued his existence in secret and constructed a poor mockery of his own citadel within the Illusion, hiding in plain sight. The complex was finished in April of 1973. While it was intended to stand forever, Yesod's new stronghold was destroyed on September 11th, 2001, in an attack orchestrated by Netzach and his servants. Once again weakened, but still clinging onto Elysium, entwined with and forced to serve Tiphareth, Yesod lingers on. Plotting his revenge.

His servants have mostly scattered, except for a precious few. Donald John Trump, one of the most devoted and most power-hungry lictors of Yesod, has been marshalling his forces since the creation of his master's Elysian stronghold. Through lawsuits, settlements, television shows, and cash grabs, he's built himself an empire of greed. No matter how many times he goes bankrupt, he always seems to have an extra million or so stashed away in the far corners of whatever Trump Tower was most recently built. This pleased Yesod – but it was not enough. It was never enough. The Archon's heart burned with rage towards Netzach for destroying his beautiful palace of greed and desire, but he was still too weak to punish his fellow directly. A proxy war was his only choice.

Which brings us to election day. Donald Trump is running against Hillary Clinton, a lictor of Netzach, for control over the United States of America, Netzach's primary domain. With Trump is a razide servant of Gamichicoth, Death Angel of Fear. His True Name is unpronounceable by human tongue, but his right smile has presented itself to the world as Michael Richard Pence. The Razide spreads fear and pain like a poison from its position as Governor of Indiana, othering the LGBTQ+ community, Muslims, immigrants, and anyone who does not fit the definition of "normal". Pence was approached by Trump at the Republican National Convention with an offer. A pact between the fallen Archon and the Death Angel would strengthen both their control over the United States. Their principles would seep in, slowly at first, and infect not just the country but also Elysium as a whole. After attempting to divine his master's will, Pence agreed. The compact will be sealed with a blood sacrifice upon Clinton's concession.

The two have done well for themselves. Their supporters have noticed nothing, even when the Illusion occasionally shudders around them during some of Trump's more impassioned speeches. Pence's ability to induce fear with a look has the nation in a chokehold, while Trump's outbursts have polarized the nation into intense opposing blocs. They also know that the US is loath to vote for a woman, and that's the fear they've latched onto. Whether they dislike Hillary, are fiscally conservative, or just vote party line, he wants them. He wants all of them, if possible. That might be enough.

The player characters are a part of this demographic. One of them, at most, is a dyed-in-the-wool Trump supporter. The others are all university students, either bachelor's or master's level, interning for Trump's campaign for the fall semester. This takes up all of their time. They travel with Trump's family, eat his food, prepare his speeches, brush his suits, and manage his social media. None of them know anything about the supernatural origins of the Trump-Pence campaign. They are overworked and underpaid and probably attribute anything weird to shitty coffee and long hours.

The Player Characters

The characters are all pre-generated and are all university students from Ivy League schools on the East Coast of the United States. Players may choose from the following list of possible interns (full descriptions are included in the appendix) or they can create their own.

The premade interns are:

- **Matthew Steele,** a Master's student at Dartmouth University.
- **Blake Stablecamp**, a junior at Columbia University.
- **Kate Warren**, a junior at Wharton University.
- **Benjamin Roberts**, a senior at Cornell University.
- **Ian Alexander**, a senior at Princeton University.
- **June Newhouse**, a senior at Harvard University.
- **Gavin Walvoort**, a junior at Harvard University.
- **Danielle Bishop**, a junior at Dartmouth University.
- **Rey Riviera**, a sophomore at American University.
- **Rowena Beasley**, an exchange student from Cambridge University.

Scenario Theme: A Faustian Bargain

Throughout the entirety of this scenario, the GM should strive to make the players feel that they are constantly selling bits and pieces of their soul to get what they want. Every gift comes with strings. Every promotion comes with more harassment. Every favor they do seems to blow back on them. No good deed goes unpunished. The interns should feel trapped by their own success and play should resemble caged animals attempting to fight their way out as game progresses. Politics demands time, energy, and enthusiasm even when run clean. When run by the actual forces of darkness, it can demand quite a bit more.

This should all be a setup for the end of the scenario. Trump has made a literal Faustian bargain with Pence and the forces backing him, and so all of the little hard choices each character has had to make should be reflected in this lictor's choice. Should the players refuse to sacrifice anyone to Trump's endgame, that too should feel like they've sold away something. Nothing in this scenario comes for free.

Tips for the Game Master

Less is More.

While it may seem tempting to have an intern open a closet only to be shown a torture camp in Inferno (the author of the scenario confesses to being quite enamored of the idea) the truth is, that will only cheapen the players' experience. The big shocking part of the scenario should be when Trump and Pence ask for a life, not when Kate or Matthew open up a filing cabinet. Any entrances into Metropolis or Inferno should be subtle, but obviously wrong in some way.

Keep the Focus on the Characters.

It would be extremely easy to turn this scenario into NPC theater where the players simply watch Trump act like a buffoon and Pence scheme behind the scenes. Some players may even want this. As a GM, your responsibility is to keep the characters in the starring role – and, by extension, giving their players control over the scene. If they want to spy on Trump and Pence, that's fine, but always be sure to ask how their characters are feeling, how they're avoiding being caught by security, what they're going to do with this information, etc. Trump and Pence should be little more than framing devices until they turn into antagonists at the end.

Don't Skimp on Description.

Trump Tower is glittering, but sterile, except for the coffee mugs, laptops, and other human detritus scattered around the campaign headquarters. One World Trade Center has one tower in the distance, and another one being rebuilt. Trump's office is ostentatious and glittering and cold even though it's decorated in warm colors. Pence's office is another world entirely, filled with plush rugs and midwestern knick knacks and a little claustrophobic. The protesters outside in the cold are dressed very differently than the staff and the residents of Trump Tower – though perhaps not so differently from the interns themselves. Every scene in this scenario should have its own feel to it, and the interns should feel at least a little overwhelmed by everything on election night.

Allow Side-Scenes and Conversations.

If Blake wants to have a conversation with June? Let him. If Danielle is worried about Kate? Let her be. The relationships among the interns are extremely important to *And The Rockets Red Glare*, so don't stifle them in the name of sticking as closely to the scenario as possible. Let them build up their little friendships and rivalries and crushes until the very end. That tragedy will pay off.

Be Flexible.

Since *And The Rockets Red Glare* takes place during three extremely hectic days with ten possible character options for each player, each run of this scenario may be a little different. A session with Matthew, Ian, Danielle, Gavin, and Rey, for example, is going to be much different than a session with Rowena, Ben, Kate, June, and Blake. Each premade character is vague enough that players can also put their own interpretations on them as well, so the character of Blake Stablecamp, for example, might be very different in different iterations of the scenario. Do not get upset if the characters do not behave like you envisioned.

Read your Table.

Some players may not react well to certain scenes, especially those from a US audience. The idea of being forced to sacrifice personally, again and again, for a privileged white man with a mile-wide narcissistic streak, may hit a little too close to home for some players. Other players may react poorly upon finding out that Trump is a lictor or Pence is a razide. As a GM, you are responsible for checking in with your players and making sure they feel safe and comfortable out-of-character. If you sense things are getting a little too tense to let play continue, don't feel bad about calling for a snack or bathroom break. If you like, feel free to use the X-card or another safety mechanic to allow players to tap out if they are feeling overwhelmed in an unpleasant or undesirable way. Some players may decide that Kult is not for them – and that's fine. Such players should be allowed to leave the table with no harassment. Running horror nonconsensually is no good for anyone.

THE SCENARIO

Introduction

And The Rockets Red Glare takes place over a period of about 72 hours. Election night excitement is cycling into an almost orgiastic frenzy. Everyone is working overtime to prepare for Trump's major victory – or his crushing defeat, though there's something of an unspoken taboo against suggesting the possibility out loud. The game should take place in a series of little vignettes, highlighting the stresses and high-energy work of the pre-election-day preparations, as well as the terrifying weirdness that crops up as the electoral vote count grows ever closer.

The interns are tired and excited and working overtime. Anything weird will likely be blamed on deprivation-induced hallucinations, at first. They may sneak naps in corners or drink more coffee. They are surrounded by opulence and loveliness, and living on camp beds and cafeteria food in a condominium they could never afford. Their emotions are constantly being pulled and twisted and shifted, and they may find themselves laughing hysterically or crying in corners without really knowing why. Their bonds will be extremely important in these final hours – and Trump and Pence know this.

Upper management may separate them or push them into close quarters. Other staffers may attempt to manipulate their emotions to get the highest caliber of response possible, or to test them. The situation, even without manipulation, is extremely tense and the interns may feel like they're in danger of snapping.

This scenario is all harsh lights and deep shadows. As the election draws nearer, different parts of Trump Tower may slide briefly into Metropolis or Inferno from all of the emotional resonance. On election night, Trump's office may be entirely in Metropolis, depending on the circumstances. One World Trade Center is usually visible from the upper levels of the Tower – on election night, it takes up half of the sweeping vista. The interns are trapped in a glamorous, slightly garish prison – and they know it. Just how trapped they are only becomes apparent as Trump summons them to his office and locks the door behind them.

Threat Escalation

Trump's plan is relatively simple: make sure Yesod gains control of the US and humiliates Netzach. He's already done the hard part, which was winning the Republican presidential nomination and campaigning against Netzach's lictor (difficult, she has been training for this for over twenty-five years and by all accounts smashed him in the pre-election polls and all three debates). He has several final steps to accomplish, which are:

[1] **Weather election night.** This is more difficult than it sounds. With his disguise slipping, a hungry razide waiting in Trump Tower, interns everywhere, and protesters outside, Trump is aware he might not survive. As one of Yesod's foremost servants, he will do everything in his power to make sure he himself is not destroyed.

[2] **Win the election.** Yesod's bargain with Gamichicoth clearly states that the Death Angel will only gain joint control with Yesod if Trump becomes the President of United States of America. If Trump doesn't win, this can't happen. It may also mean that his life is forfeit to Mike Pence, the razide who has been deliberately depriving himself of his usual torture regimen in anticipation of tonight. Inferno hath no fury like a razide scorned.

[3] **Seal the pact.** Of course, the agreement to reinstate Yesod and steal the United States from Netzach is only theoretical until it is actually possible. There is a saying among magic users and monsters: true magic is only done with meat. In order for the deal to be both magically and spiritually binding, there will need to be a sacrifice. Neither Trump nor Pence is willing to martyr themselves, of course, and while they could use some random person off the street, it just wouldn't do for an agreement of this magnitude. They plan to use one of their interns, someone who has spent hours and literal blood, sweat, and tears on this campaign, as their blood seal. The amount of emotional devotion doesn't matter – the fact that the unlucky sacrifice will have spent most of their waking hours on the campaign for inordinately low wages should be enough to cause the pact to be magically significant. The candidates plan to make their sacrifice in Trump's office, overlooking One World Trade Center.

Once these three steps are complete, Gamichicoth will throw his energies into resuscitating a long-destroyed Archon that he can control. Whether Yesod will accept this control quietly is another matter entirely – but that is Trump's call, not Pence's.

Central Scenes

As stated above, every iteration of this scenario will be different due to a wild variation of possible characters and motivations. The GM should take notes on things players say, do, and express and use these to build unnerving side-scenes of different characters accidentally slipping into places they shouldn't be or encountering people they shouldn't know. Below are some scenes that should be included in a roughly chronological order. The only ones that are strictly necessary are ***Dawn***, ***Enemies at the Gate***, ***Down The Hall***, ***Melania*** and ***Victory's Price***. Any other scene may be used at the GM's discretion. Each scene includes a time, a location, and a list of suggested player characters.

DAWN

When: Morning, two days before Election Day.

Where: Trump Tower, in the intern headquarters. One of the unoccupied condominiums has been turned into a makeshift office and dormitory for the interns of the Trump campaign. Several interns are piled in a room on hastily-acquired cots or camp beds. Food and coffee is provided by the Tower's breakroom catering staff – so it's little better than cafeteria food.

Who: Any and all of the interns.

This scene is solely to establish the norms of being an intern in the Trump campaign. The characters are waking up on their narrow, uncomfortable beds for another grueling day of press releases, answering phone calls and emails, and hastily deleting any Tweets Trump might attempt to make (even though at this point his Twitter has been totally locked down, probably by Ian). Ask the players questions about how they prepare for another exhausting day. Was Danielle sleepwalking again? How much coffee is Kate drinking? What time did June actually get up, if she ever went to bed? Allow the characters to interact and establish themselves before you pull them into another scene. This should give you a good idea of who these characters are as people, and how they relate to each other.

ANTISOCIAL MEDIA

When: Morning or early afternoon, two days before Election Day.

Where: Trump Tower, the "situation room". On the floor below Trump's penthouse apartment, where Pence and Trump have both set up their offices, the campaign headquarters sprawls out like an octopus of laptop cables and A4 paper. It's here where the interns and full-time staff manage all of the outgoing and incoming media regarding the campaign, as well as donations, logistics, and other things.

Who: Ian, Gavin, and/or June.

Part of working on a political campaign is making sure your boss doesn't say something stupid on their social media accounts. For the interns on the Trump campaign, this is a 24/7 job. Lucky for them, they got backup in the form of the campaign manager, who allowed them to take control of Trump's social media (not limited to, but most especially his Twitter) for the last week of his campaign. It was determined that America's Most Honest Candidate, the one who always says what he thinks, might benefit from some sort of filter. That filter is one of the interns above.

This is a pretty typical day for that intern, spreading the word about getting out and voting, and generally making bland statements that could not possibly offend anyone were they not from the mouth of Donald J. Trump. One thing that should catch their eye is a Direct Message from an account with no avatar that simply states "We know." It does not state what they know or who they are, just "We know."

Any attempt to respond to this message will result in a message saying "This account does not exist." If the intern ignores it or gives up, the same account will send the same message an hour later. If asked, the campaign manager will shrug it off as a normal occurrence and tell the intern to get back to work.

RALLYING CRY

When: Afternoon, two days before Election Day and one day before Election Day.

Where: The "situation room". It is after the lunch break, so the office is scattered with wrappers and water bottles (and possibly bottles of stronger stuff) and styrofoam trays. This contrasts strongly with Mike Pence's immaculate suit and spotless leather shoes as he enters to give the interns a pep talk.

Who: Any of the interns.

Pence makes a rare appearance to bring donuts from a local shop to the staff and give them a pep talk. As per usual, sadly, he's a bit of a bore. The donuts are nice, though, and some interns may simply continue working through the speech. The speech is the same sort of thing one might expect from any politician to his underlings: thank you for your service, you make this campaign great, we couldn't do this without you, the same old drek.

Interns who listen, however, will notice that it's not the same old drek – it's in fact very different drek. If an intern really tries to follow what Pence is actually saying (probably Danielle, June, Ian, or Matthew), they will slowly realize that what he is actually doing is repeating a string of about ten unconnected syllables, changing it slightly each time. This chant sounds a great deal like droning, pre-rehearsed English language platitudes, but does not appear to mean anything when broken down into its actual component pieces. Everyone else in the room does not seem to notice, and politely applauds. Any intern who is haunted or has experiences with spirits might recognize this chant as something they've heard before, but will still not know the meaning.

In actuality, what Pence is doing is using an extremely low-end Passion magic spell to capture the emotions of the room and harness them for his own ends. If you choose to run this scene, the chalice containing the emotions will be poured over the head and body of the intended sacrifice in *Victory's Price*. This scene repeats itself twice during the days leading up to the election, once two days before and once a day before. Each time, Pence brings donuts.

Eric

When: Evening, either two days or one day before Election Day.

Where: In the elevator leading up to the top floor. An intern has forgotten something, or is returning home from dinner, and finds herself alone in the elevator with Eric Trump, on his way to his father's penthouse.

Who: Any of the female-presenting interns.

The intern finds herself alone in an elevator with Trump's second son while no one else is around. Depending on who the intern is, she may find this to be a thoroughly awkward experience or a dream come true. The elevator is quiet except for some pleasant background music, and there are at least ten floors to go.

Eric will politely ask the intern who she is, and will express surface-level interest in her chosen position, but will not talk about it beyond small talk. If she attempts to tell him about herself, he will respond in monosyllables and appear distracted.

If instead, the intern asks about Eric and his family, he immediately becomes more animated – though not more pleasant. He's happy to go on for hours about the Eric Trump Foundation, how strong his sister Ivanka is and he wishes more women could be like her, how beautiful his new wife is, and how he's looking forward to going back to Mar-a-Lago, his family's Florida vacation home, after the election is over. If asked directly about his father, he hedges. If asked about Melania Trump, he quickly changes topic, though his face darkens slightly.

The intern may notice that he is standing a little too close, he laughs a little too loudly, smiles a little too tightly, and is wearing a little too much strong cologne. While Eric Trump is not himself a lictor, he was raised by one, and so his mannerisms come across as odd or inhuman. If the intern suspects something is up at this point and attempts to question him about supernatural occurrences or outright provoke him, he will lapse into an icy silence, punctuated only by passive-aggressive clipped answers to any continued questions. If physically attacked, he will push a panic button to summon security and have the intern forcibly escorted to their room. It is important to note that the intern will not be fired or even receive a warning. This may be brought up later during ***Victory's Price***.

The Press Junket

When: Morning or afternoon, the day before Election Day.

Where: Trump's penthouse apartment in Trump Tower. The living room is all kitted out for the press to come interview Trump the day before the election, with lights, microphones, and two large gilded chairs with white velvet cushions for Trump and Pence. The air is stuffy and the penthouse is crowded with reporters, techs, and campaign staff.

Who: Any, but especially Kate, Benjamin, June, and/or Rey.

This is the last major conference before Election Day, and as such, it is a massive, busy affair. Everyone is running around attempting to make sure everything is perfect, and so everyone is getting in everyone else's way, much to the chagrin of the candidates. The interns will likely be fetching coffee and making sure Trump and Pence are prepared for their talk with the press, but likely not directly interacting with them in any meaningful way. If Rey is present, she will be constantly "accidentally" be pushed into the most prominent spot so that reporters can see that Trump has a Hispanic intern on staff. Benjamin will be asked to fix a boom mic, to readjust a light, to find a coffee shop that serves vegan coffee and gluten-free bagels – the more obscure and frustrating the task, the better. Kate will find herself being talked down to and "bumped into" by leering techs, while June will find herself in almost total command of the lower-ranking half of the room despite her obvious exhaustion.

All of this culminates in the interview. The words themselves are not actually that important. What is important is that any interns who are watching will start to see weird things. Spiderweb cracks seem to form in Trump's interview makeup – perhaps his powder and foundation broke? Pence's teeth seem to lengthen beyond his lips but snap back into place once the intern blinks, only to shine out like sharpened knives several minutes later. This should be presented as mild hallucinations brought on by sleep deprivation and too much caffeine. In reality, their true forms are starting to shine through their human disguises. The excitement of being so close to election day is straining the Illusion around both creatures, and their disguises are weakening.

Down the Hall

When: Any time during the scenario, the closer to election day the better. This scene can happen multiple different times in multiple different places – ideally it will happen at least once for every intern in play.

Where: Anywhere around Trump Tower. ***Down The Hall*** should not happen out of proximity to the campaign's holdings – so not after exiting a bagel shop or walking down 5th Avenue, for example. Hallways, elevators, public or shared bathrooms, and other liminal spaces are all good options for this scene.

Who: Any of the interns currently in play, but only one at a time. If Matthew and Danielle are in a scene together immediately beforehand, they may experience ***Down The Hall*** together, but otherwise interns should be alone when the illusions break.

This is less a unique scene and more of a catch-all term for quiet, personal scenes when the Illusion weakens in and around Trump Tower. The emotional resonance combined with the presence of so many powerful supernatural entities all working towards some variant on the same goal – winning the presidency – in the same city is causing the walls of our prison to become paper-thin in some places, most noticeably inside the campaign headquarters. Since the interns will likely never visit Hillary's headquarters (unless they are assigned, see ***Mrs. Clinton I Presume***) that is not touched on here, but it is definitely a major issue in suddenly-empty hallways and out-of-the-way corners of Trump Tower.

A scene where the illusions momentarily shatter around the character should be based around them as a person. What Rowena sees in Metropolis and where she sees it is going to be very different than what Blake sees and where he sees it. June might find her immaculate collection of suits slashed up and stained with menstrual blood, only to be returned to normal thirty seconds later. Benjamin might watch his own reflection being branded and then hung from a gallows in a mirror – every time he returns to that bathroom, his reflection

is slightly off, as though whatever is in the mirror (or behind it) is attempting to mimic him instead of actually reflecting his form. Kate may walk down a hall that is normally well-lit and full of charming (read: saccharine and inoffensive) portraits of colonial ladies and gentlemen going for strolls in the countryside, only to find that the women are being brutally assaulted at the hands of the men in the portraits and every other light in the hallway has suddenly gone out and no one else is around.

Less is more here. This experience should be extremely eerie, but not immediately lead the character to believe they've fallen into an alternate dimension. Apart from the above, some other examples are:

- The stairs go down. And down. And down. The intern only meant to take one flight of stairs, they didn't realize it was this many steps to the next floor down. What's that rattling sound?
- An intern finds an eyeball – the same color as their own, in fact – floating in their coffee cup. It's gone when they look at it again.
- The water in the shower itches and stings to the point where it is unbearably painful. The intern leaps out of the shower, only to find that the welts that they were developing have rapidly faded. The water returns to normal.
- Every time the intern moves down a particular hallway, their shoes squish as though walking through particularly deep, gravelly mud. If they look down the night of the election, they are walking through a battlefield stew of dirt, viscera, and bones.
- A paystub develops razor-sharp edges and cuts the intern's palm as they pick it up.
- An intern gets lightly groped (in a very coincidental, smug, "whoops, guess I should watch where I'm going" sort of way) by a tech or another staffer, but the hand is bloated and broken and covered in scars or maggots. There is no evidence of this nonhuman appendage once they look again.
- As an intern sighs in frustration while doing something on their computer later at night, their breath shatters the screen and reveals a window onto whatever is directly in front of the computer, but it looks ten thousand years older and totally ruined. If the back of the computer is facing a wall, it looks out onto a massive graveyard, full of ghosts and stranger things meandering through the tombstones. This window onto the City of the Dead stays open for five minutes. The intern can watch, but cannot reach through or affect anything on the other side. If the intern summons one other person to watch, the window stays open. If more than two people attempt to view it, the window closes immediately. The laptop reboots itself with a minor, but annoying virus installed.
- A campaign staffer leaves a trail of blood behind them as they go to get coffee or make a late-night bagel run. This is the last time the intern sees that particular staffer.
- An NPC intern runs into the room, screaming about the "thing in the bathroom". Pence follows a moment later, making an attempt to restore calm. He explains that campaign stress can play havoc with the mind, and offers to buy the intern a cup of coffee and let her take a break. This is the last time the characters see her. If the players investigate the bathroom, they will find that the mirrors are shattered and there's blood on the floor, but no body or other signs of a struggle. They will then be ordered to clean it up.

YOUR TWO CENTS

When: Afternoon, the day before Election Day.

Where: Mike Pence's office in Trump's penthouse. It is very obviously a spare room that has been hastily converted into the vice presidential nominee's space until such time as the new office can be finished. Pence has filled it with homey touches like braided rugs, kitschy American flag accessories, and even a plugged-in electric fireplace in the corner. It's overly warm and surprisingly under-lit. Interns may feel claustrophobic or crowded.

Who: Blake, Kate, Rowena, or Matthew. Anyone, really, but now is the time to single out one or two interns who have drawn attention to themselves, either through positive or negative means.

To be summoned to the boss's office is a big deal in any job. In the Trump-Pence campaign, it's almost unheard of. As another staffer asks the intern (or interns) to come upstairs, the eyes of the entire situation room are on them. If the character in question has an anxiety disorder or a fear of failure, this is the time to play it up – especially if they were stuck in an elevator with Eric Trump earlier in the scenario.

Pence welcomes the intern to his office and invites them to sit down. He makes some courteous, if slightly trite, conversation about what's happening downstairs and what's going on with the campaign as a whole. He also thanks the intern and offers them some tea or coffee. His coffee is much better than what's downstairs. Throughout this whole interaction, he's attempting to play up his Midwestern charm – and possibly failing. It's extremely unnerving to be in a room with Mike Pence. His smiles never really quite reach his eyes and his hands fidget like nervous spiders.

After the pleasantries are over, he gets to the heart of the matter. He's noticed the intern's contributions and he thinks that's just super. Would they like to choose another intern for a special commendation on Election Night? Is there anyone they think is really deserving?

Play up the knife being twisted here. The razide knows he's setting the interns up for disappointment, and he intends to enjoy it as much as possible. While he really does want to know who the interns think has put the most work into the campaign as a whole, he's not above some emotional gut-punches for fun and pleasure.

SLEEPWALKING

When: The night before the election.

Where: The intern headquarters, starting in Danielle's room and moving towards the common area.

Who: Danielle and any other interns still awake and in their rooms or the common area.

Danielle is somewhat infamous among the other interns for being an inveterate sleepwalker. She's tried everything, from showering before bed, to medications, to wearing socks and

other, stranger old wives' remedies to cure her problem. It's gotten worse in the week leading up to the election and she sleepwalks almost every night.

This time, she gets up and begins singing something in a low voice. Ask Danielle's player what it is – it might be a pop song or a Latin chant or a nursery rhyme of some kind. Whatever it is, she sings it all the way down to the common area, where she announces the following:

"She is almost here. Make room for the overseer, she who will bind the agreement."

Danielle then falls back asleep on the nearest couch. If awoken, she has no memory of the incident, but is extremely thirsty. She does, however, remember dreaming of a golden light.

In reality, what she saw was a vision of Tiphareth, warning her of her servant's approach (see ***Melania***). The fragment Danielle holds is bound to Tiphareth, hence her repeated nightmares and sleepwalking Almost immediately after this scene, the interns will be called by another staffer, demanding that they get dressed to go meet Trump's wife at the front door and help her carry up her bags (since no one else wants to get up at three in the morning to do it).

Melania

When: The early morning hours of Election Day.

Where: A chilly November morning, in the drive of Trump Tower. Melania's well-appointed limousine has just showed up and she is surrounded by bags larger than she is.

Who: Any and all interns. There is not a choice – they are all woken up and forced to help Melania with her bags.

If the events of ***Sleepwalking*** have concluded, the interns are fetched by the campaign staffer from the end of that scene. If ***Sleepwalking*** did not happen, then the interns are woken up out of troubled, anxious sleep by a campaign staffer who demands that they come downstairs to help Melania bring her things upstairs. They do not get a choice in this matter. The staffer may resort to hazing techniques – ringing a cowbell, using an airhorn, throwing cold water on their beds – to force the interns out of bed if they resist.

Once the interns are dressed and downstairs, they encounter Melania and a struggling doorman. Melania is in a plush sunflower yellow coat (the exact same shade as the light in Danielle's dream) and surrounded by luggage both bigger than she is and worth more than all of the interns' total paychecks combined. Unlike everyone else in the Trump and Pence families they've spoken to so far, Melania seems genuinely happy to see the interns and greets them all after asking their names. On the ride up she chatters about Mar-a-Lago and how lovely the south is this time of year. She seems confused if asked about politics or Trump, and gets upset if confronted or provoked.

As soon as she steps into the Trump Penthouse, however, her demeanor noticeably changes. Her affect becomes much flatter and she lapses into a bored, disinterested expression. She will not acknowledge the interns except to direct them to put her bags places, and will summon security if questioned. Melania does not touch Trump readily or affectionately in any way and appears to be separated from him by some sort of invisible wall.

In truth, Melania is a servant of Tiphareth sent to oversee the deal with Gamichicoth. She originally showed herself to Trump in her true form, but was brushed off by Yesod's lictor. She resents the fact that she has to appear as a robotic trophy wife to be in his space at all, but this deal is important enough that she will do it without complaining.

As the interns leave, she briefly waves and calls out "Try to keep each other safe" as though it is a funny foreign farewell. This appears to irritate Trump.

Ivanka

When: Morning, election day.

Where: In the elevator leading up to the top floor. An intern is heading up to the situation room, and finds himself alone in the elevator with Ivanka Trump, on his way to her father's penthouse.

Who: Any male-presenting intern.

The intern finds himself alone in an elevator with Trump's first daughter while no one else is around. Depending on who the intern is, he may find this to be a thoroughly awkward experience or a dream come true. The elevator is quiet except for some pleasant background music, and there are at least ten floors to go.

Ivanka will politely ask the intern who he is, and will express surface-level interest in his chosen position, but will not talk about it beyond small talk. If he attempts to tell him about himself, she will respond in monosyllables and appear distracted. Unlike Eric, however, Ivanka is a full lictor and is totally focused on business. She will not take any shit from her unwanted elevator companion and will not hesitate to call security if provoked or annoyed. It is unlikely the intern will cause her to do something to break her mask – she has a much better handle on it than Trump. Ivanka is actually a lictor free agent – not that that matters much, in the grand scheme of things. She's just not sufficiently devoted to Yesod to be considered one of Yesod's lictors.

Mrs. Clinton, I Presume

When: Election Day, in the evening.

Where: Clinton campaign headquarters, closer to One World Trade Center.

Who: All interns who accept.

As the votes begin to come in, Trump wishes to make a gesture of good sportsmanship – or so the interns are told. One of the campaign staffers makes an announcement that they need volunteers to deliver a "good luck" present to Hillary Clinton in southern Manhattan. If the interns accept, they are ushered into one of Trump's limousines. The interior is plush and beautiful, with a fully-stocked minibar. The chauffeur will not stop them from drinking if they choose to do so.

As they arrive at the Clinton headquarters, they are looked on with suspicion by Clinton's interns. None of them approach the characters, however, and they are led to Clinton's office.

Clinton initially greets them kindly, though slightly aloof. She appears tired. When the interns hand over the gift, a bottle of hundred-year-old scotch, however, her expression darkens. The lights in her well-appointed office begin to dim and buzz. She

hurriedly, and angrily, asks them to leave, clutching her chest and gritting her teeth. Her shadow seems to swell, and observant interns will notice her bones rippling beneath her skin. As they leave, they feel something akin to an earthquake that is too low to register on the Richter Scale. The smell of wet earth follows them out of the room, and they return to Trump Tower without incident.

A Fete Worse Than Death

When: Election Day, in the evening

Where: Trump Tower Executive Ballroom

Who: Any and all interns in play

The interns are asked to bolster the catering and waitstaff at Trump's election day celebration at the last moment. It is made very clear that this request is actually a demand, and so they are sent to shower, change, and head downstairs.

The ballroom should be the grandest room they've been in yet – almost like something out of a dream. Huge chandeliers glitter over expensive carpets and shine off of mirrored walls. Trump and Pence and their families are on a raised dais, and there are several hundred meters of buffet table and bar set up around the room. The ballroom is packed with Wall Street bigwigs, CEOs, venture capitalists, and all sorts of other wealthy supporters of Trump's campaign. Describe the smells, the music, the ten-thousand-dollar dresses. Everything here is larger than life. The ballroom is not in Metropolis, but the illusions are thinner here.

It quickly becomes apparent why the interns are really here. Trump's supporters are jockeying for position, and without the characters present, they would have to go directly to him. The interns will be offered all sorts of bribes to carry out favors, whether they be humiliating a rival, carrying a message to Trump or Pence, or possibly more personal things. Nothing is off-limits for these people to ask. This is a central hub of Yesod. Greed is king.

Enemies at the Gate

When: All throughout Election Day, preferably after *Mrs. Clinton, I Presume* or *A Fete Worse Than Death*.

Where: Outside and around Trump Tower. It's freezing cold and the entrances to the building are surrounded by a small crowd of protesters.

Who: Any and all interns in play.

It's a well-known fact that Trump hates dissent. While building security has erected barricades that the peaceful crowds are mostly sticking to, the presidential candidate is still not happy. The interns are ordered by a higher-ranking campaign staffer to infiltrate the crowds and either drive them to violence (so that the police can be called and force them to disperse) or convince them to disperse through some other means. Once again, they are not given a choice.

This should be an unnerving experience for the characters, but for a very different reason than anything else inside the tower is. The people out here are making the same amount of money they are, and they are dressed like the interns dress on their day off – not like the Trump and Pence families. These protesters are normal people, not violent agitators attempting to steal anything from the Republican candidate. Some of them aren't registered to vote. Some of them can't register to vote for various reasons, and so are making their voices known here. Some of them have already voted, or plan on voting later today. They're all different, but they all very much believe that Trump should not be president. Among the protesters are family and friends. Ask the players who their characters are surprised and dismayed to see in the crowd. These loved ones are upset to see the characters sporting Trump regalia and behave as though betrayed.

If the players decide to talk them into dispersing, they will fail. The protesters get angry with them and refuse to talk to them any more, treating them as agitators and moles. Someone in the crowd mutters "we know" just within earshot of one intern, but they can't find out who it is. The interns are squeezed, shoved, and pushed out of the crowd and the demonstrators refuse to talk to them any more.

If the players decide that their characters will agitate instead, this will work – but then the police show up. Since the interns are wearing plainclothes and are not noticeably different from the rest of the demonstrators, they will be pinned, tear-gassed and harassed with the rest of the crowd. Any attempt to signal a police officer will end in shove, a punch, or a smack from a baton. They will not be allowed back inside and will likely have to find a back way in or will have to wait for both the police and the protesters to disperse before they can re-enter Trump Tower to watch the election results with the rest of the staff. They may also be seriously injured in the process.

THE BACK WAY

When: Election night.

Where: A back door to Trump's penthouse condominium, via the Labyrinth in Metropolis.

Who: Any and all participating interns.

If the interns decide to try and find a back way into Trump's penthouse instead of waiting for the police to disperse, they can find a door in the service alley marked "Employees Only". It is unlocked and heavier than it looks, but it swings open silently onto a poorly-lit stairwell.

As the interns begin climbing, they may begin noticing exactly how quiet it is. It gets quieter as they continue up. There are no sounds of heating ducts or the building creaking. It gets so quiet that they can almost hear the muscles twitch in their eyelids. Speech seems somehow muted and the characters may feel like they're going crazy.

The interns are in a portal through the Labyrinth, opened by Trump, to bring them to his office.

VICTORY'S PRICE

When: As the final election results are called.

Where: Trump's office, as it slowly slides into Metropolis for the final binding of the pact between Yesod and Gamichicoth.

Who: Any and all participating interns.

If the interns chose to take ***The Back Way***, they are greeted by Mike Pence as they emerge into Trump's office. If they made it back into the building through some other means, they are watching the election results with the other campaign staff when they are summoned to Trump's office by none other than Mike Pence himself. Either way, this is the first (and likely last) time they will be invited into his inner sanctum.

Something they will notice immediately upon entering is that Trump's office has been set up as a mockery of the oval office. An oversized mahogany desk with ostentatious gold inlay is framed by a massive floor-to-ceiling window overlooking southern Manhattan. One World Trade center is visible in the distance, directly behind Trump's chair. Trump, Pence, Melania, and Ivanka are all present.

Trump welcomes them with a leer. All pretense of friendliness and professionalism is gone. Pence seems to be straining at the seams of his immaculate suit, all angles and corners. Trump seems more puffy than usual and Ivanka is paler, almost drowned-looking. Melania is the only one who seems remotely close to normal.

As though it is the most natural thing in the world, Trump asks for a blood sacrifice.

The interns will almost certainly not believe him at first. There may be laughter or a shocked silence or even anger. Pence steps in and calmly explains that, in order to seal the pact between eons-old god-beings (he uses words like this and avoids giving away names if at all possible, preferring titles and generalities instead) to bring a new age to the US and make it great again, the now-president- and vice-president-elect are asking the interns to pick one amongst themselves to sacrifice their lives for their country in a quick and painless ceremony.

If the interns refuse, Pence brings up things from earlier in the game. He will guilt-trip, gaslight, and cajole. Nothing is off-limits. Kate's insecurity, Rey's ancestry, Danielle's sleepwalking, Ian's curse – anything he can use to make them feel bad and worthless except for an honored death, he will. If the interns talked to Eric or Ivanka, he will bring that up as well. Everything is a weapon for a determined razide, and Pence is both determined and expected resistance.

As the conversation continues, the background outside of the window begins to change. The buildings of southern Manhattan begin to melt away in a shower of fireworks. They start blue, but as the scene goes on, they turn blood-red. The votes are in and the Republicans are winning. One World Trade Center, the only skyscraper still standing, begins to glow with a bright, poisonous green light and swell in size.

Trump and Pence wave this off. All they're focused on is the sacrifice.

ENDING

If the interns choose to sacrifice one of their own, the ceremony is quick, but most definitely not painless. They are bound hand and foot to the desk by the other interns under the direction of Pence, who draws and quarters them. As they scream, he pours the emotions from *Rallying Cry* over their head and into their body, which produces a smell of roses and burning flesh. The blood seeps into the carpet as the sky changes from a bright poison green to the deep red of the fireworks. Billboards begin to spring into existence, warning viewers of dissent, of difference, of the punishment for noncompliance. As the intern finally dies, the Illusion falls back into place. The other interns are quietly given a small bonus and dismissed from the campaign. Trump and Pence fully expect them to commit suicide or be committed to an institution within six months. Any attempts to contact the campaign office are met with "Your call cannot be completed at this time." Yesod's power grows as rapidly as Gamichicoth's.

If they choose to fight their way out, they will have to deal with two lictors and an angry razide. Melania will not assist either side. On the off-chance they make it out alive, Yesod and Gamichicoth are still working together – but now based on trust, a dangerous thing, instead of the surety of a contractual binding. The interns are now on the run – who would believe them if they were to say that they fled a giant worm-monster in the shape of the president-elect asking one of them to die for him? The forces of both Yesod and Gamichicoth are now after them, and they will have to quickly pick up the skill of nonexistence to avoid meeting a gruesome end.

If they were polite to Melania or Ivanka, they might find an unlikely ally in either of them. Ivanka could use the leverage against her father, and Melania is impressed with their resourcefulness. Of course, the friendship of a lictor or an archon's servant is a dangerous thing, so it might simply benefit the interns to lay low anyway.

Appendix: Premade Interns

Let the players choose one of the interns below. They are all Sleepers and don't have any Dark Secrets, Advantages or Disadvantages. Write the relevant information on a character sheet and let the player assign the attributes as they see fitting to their character:

Assign the modifiers +2, +1, and +0 to the three passive attributes: **Fortitude**, **Reflexes** and **Willpower**.

Assign the modifiers +3, +2, +1, +1, +0, -1, and −2 to the seven active attributes: **Charisma**, **Coolness**, **Intuition**, **Perception**, **Reason**, **Soul** and **Violence**.

Matthew Steele

Matthew is a Master's student from Dartmouth. He is probably in his late 20s or early 30s. He is not a fanatic Trump supporter, but the internship fits into his CV and he could use the field learning. He is generally for prosperity, having come from an upper-middle class family himself, and is pleased with the Republican stance on Israel. If you ask him what his master's program focuses on, he'll say "the arts" and leave it at that – which leaves many people wondering why an MFA is one of Trump's top interns. He is generally kind and pleasant to be around, but rarely makes little more than small talk. He seems to always be thinking about something. Matthew is always the one shepherding around the other interns and making sure everything happens when it needs to. If Danielle Bishop is in play, she is his younger cousin.

Blake Stablecamp

Blake is the most obvious "old money" intern of the group. He's a junior at Columbia, ostensibly studying marketing, really there to see and be seen. While he's not particularly interested in politics, the internship does give him hands-on experience in how to sell to the American public. He thinks he's cool and easy to hang out with. The other interns might find him smarmy and a bit arrogant. Blake has a crush on one of the other interns (male or female) and mostly shows it by being a bit of a prick.

Kate Warren

Kate is a junior at Wharton, and is in her early 20s. She is a registered Democrat, but (perhaps naively) figured she could do some good in the campaign as an intern. Mostly, what she's found herself doing is getting coffee for male interns and campaign staff and being called "sweetheart" a lot. She resents this a great deal, but knows she will not get anywhere by saying anything – which makes her resent it more. She is studying Economics, though most people assume she is studying something "fluffy", like Philosophy or Civic Policy. She is always among the first to try and propose a solution, even if it gets shot down. Her public mask consists mostly of smiling brightly and being friendly and engaging. If one catches her in private, they might find angry tears.

Benjamin Roberts

Benjamin is a Philosophy major from Cornell University. Probably a senior, though no one's really sure, least of all him. He is Jewish, and originally from the Dupont Circle neighborhood of Washington D.C. His family connections got him an internship he wasn't really interested in, as he prefers local politics, but fuck it, he's here now. He finds himself being asked questions he doesn't know the answer to quite often, and has had to pick up a lot of logistical know-how on the fly. He's tried to redirect people to other interns – with little success. Something about his broad shoulders and easy laugh draws people to him.

Ian Alexander

Ian is a senior at Princeton University. Of all of the interns, he is mostly likely to have come from a working class (or near enough) background. He is studying Computer Science – and has all of the talents one might associate with the stereotype. He maintains Trump's social media as well as the campaign website, and is rarely seen in public due to the volume of work keeping him busy. While he was on board at the beginning, having to repeatedly scrub Trump's tweets of inflammatory or divisive content has bred a certain amount of resentment. It's starting to overwhelm his entire outlook, and only numerous pots of coffee and the promise of a glowing letter of recommendation are keeping him from flipping his desk and going back to Princeton.

June Newhouse

June is a senior from Harvard with a Government major. Of all of the interns, she is perhaps the most genuinely devoted to the Trump/Pence campaign. A dyed-in-the-wool Republican from upstate New York, she runs the College Republicans at Harvard as well as being in five other extracurricular clubs and maintaining a 4.0. She never seems to sleep, and is always helping someone with someone. Usually, she's trusted to shepherd important guests around and make sure both Trump and Pence are ready for interviews and debates. Her energy seems boundless, at least until you get her alone in a room with no cameras or staff around. She will never admit that she fell asleep in a bathroom during the second debate

Gavin Walvoort

Gavin is a Harvard student with a Government major. He comes from a New England family that has made its living off of textile production since the late 1700s – their mills were among some of the first in Boston. Gavin is as American as apple pie, and also speaks several languages fluently, including Dutch, Spanish, and Russian. He is employed as a translator when Trump needs to speak to foreign representatives – and has picked up some unsavory dealings this way. He's thinking of taking a gap semester after this internship, as it has not done good things for his health and well-being. Gavin saw an email meant for Trump. It was all in Cyrillic – written in Russian. He feels he can't tell anyone.

Danielle Bishop

Danielle is a junior at Dartmouth and is studying Political Theory and Public Law. She is much quieter than the other women in the internship program, though it is unclear whether she is thoughtful, shy, or just unsure of what to say. She is extremely blonde and impeccably dressed, which makes her a natural choice to be somewhere in the background of all "candid" campaign photos. No one is really sure what her political affiliations are, as she rarely talks about them (or anything for that matter). She does sleepwalk, however, which makes her a rather unnerving roommates. Several of the interns have requested room changes when assigned as her dorm mate. Danielle appears to have a decent sense of humor, though, and is always willing to listen. She is usually the person people come to for copy-editing press releases and thank you notes as well. If Matthew Steele is in play, she is his younger cousin.

Rey Riviera

Rey is both the youngest intern and the only Hispanic intern. She is a sophomore at American University, a talented rower, and was hand-picked by the Trump campaign to be on their staff. Her pay is maybe twenty-five cents higher than everyone else's, for the privilege of being constantly trotted out as a symbol of "diversity" in Trump's campaign. She is what is known as "acceptably brown" (tan skin, dark hair), has realized this, and secretly resents it. In meetings, her opinions are often dismissed and she plays very little part in directing or influencing the day-to-day affairs of the Trump campaign. Rey knows she is called all sorts of unsavory nicknames behind closed doors. Her family are fourth-generation Americans, her grandfather won a medal in WWII, and her father is a congressional staffer. Shouldn't that be enough to meet the standards of "a normal American"? Rey may have a rival among the other interns.

Rowena Beasley

Rowena is the only certifiably non-American intern in the group. An exchange student from Cambridge, she was unprepared for the realities of American politics when she, as a joke, applied for an internship with the Trump campaign. She never expected to be accepted, but as she is blonde, blue-eyed, English, and blind in one eye, she is an excellent example of the "diversity" of Trump's campaign staff. Rowena is excruciatingly polite, so much so that some of the other interns find her deeply off-putting. No one has ever seen her drink tea, though they suppose she must, and she slams back the same shitty coffee the other interns drink without complaining. Rowena is deeply homesick, though she won't admit it, and plans on taking the next flight back to Heathrow as soon as the campaign is over.